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With blood and rapine, marked;
While some immersed in slothful ease,
Study each appetite to please,
In Pleasure's cause embarked.
Others well skilled in fraud and guile,
Do study every artful wife,
On mankind to impose;
The mask of honesty they wear,
No friendly hand to lay them bare,
Or the bad heart expose.
Some madly run the wild career,
And strangers to each cautious fear,
Are first in Folly's race;
Each fleeting fashion they pursue,
How strange sooner if 'tis new,
They're eager in the chase.
Horse, or dog, or dice attracts,
The silly mortal ne'er reflects,
Till ruin him assaults;
Then he has leisure for sad thought,
And then experience dearly bought
Severe distress entails.
While others—but, alas! how few,
To true Religion's dictates true,
Pursue a virtuous way;
Steady in view they keep the end,
They for a glorious prize contend,
A crown will ne'er decay.
Still, my young friend, be this your aim,
Superior even to love of fame,
Or sordid thirst of gain;
This will sustain you in distress,
Will every want and woe redress,
Even blunt the dart of pain. LYDIA.

A SONNET.

WHILE pensive on the lonely plain,
Far from the sight of her I love;
To the clear stream I tell my pain,
And sigh my passion to the grove.
Echo, sweet goddess of the wood,
From all thy calls, resound my care:
Thou Stream, along thy silver flood,
Convey my murmurs to the fair.
Tell her, oh! tell the charming maid,
In vain the feather'd warbler sings;
In vain the trees extend their shade,
Or blooming Flora paints the spring.
For absent from her dearer arms,
Not all those beauties can invite;
But did she bless her William's arms
Ev'n barren deserts would delight.
Dungannon. WILLIAM.

SONNET TO COL. WARDLE.

IF bounteous Rome, philanthropy to
wake,
Decreed that citizen a civic wreath,
Who should spontaneously existence stake,
And snatch one freeman from impending
death.

What nobler trophy can reward his worth,
Who, serving millions, in an injur'd state,
Drags vile Corruption, cringing, to the
earth,
And brands the satellites her bribes create?
Such mad thou claims't, Oh WARDLE!
justly fam'd,
When Luxury the arm of Pow'r unnerv'd,
And Peculation scandalously sham'd
The public trust, and pride poor merit
starv'd!

Thou dar'd denounce them.—Such con-
summate worth,
The People shall applaud, while truth has
friend on earth.

Ballycarry.

O.

WRITTEN IN A GROVE, NEAR BELFAST.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells in my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Spring is returning, drest out in
gay green,
Her wild, simple beauties unveil'd to the
day;
New graces play round her, and all the
bright scene
Invites us from dull smoky cities to stray:
Ah! oft I will stray to this favourite grove,
Where fond recollection endears every
tree—
Where ever through life I am destin'd to
rove,
Still, still those lov'd haunts will be dear
unto me.

Along by this river, beneath these lov'd
trees,
With _____ how often delighted I've
been;
The birds too, as now, join'd their notes
in the breeze,
And beauty and harmony dwelt in the
scene;
And still these delights in the scene may
appear
To a mind from distress and inquietude
free;
But though those sweet shades to my torn
heart are dear,
Yet beauty nor harmony lives not to me.

Thou flow'st silent stream! and for ages
may flow,
An emblem, methinks, of eternity's tide;
Thou holdest thy course still majestic
and slow,
Nor regardest frail man as he sinks by
thy side;
Yet in him whom I mourn was each virtue
combin'd,
Nor ever again on thy margin thou'l see

form where more honour and truth were
enshrin'd.
Than in his who has render'd thy waves
dear to me!

And these are the paths, arm in arm
where we've stray'd,
As fondly I hoped we should journey
through life;
And here is the spot where with rapture
he said
He still bless'd the day which had made
me his wife!
O! green be the earth on this seat all the
year;
Still sacred to friendship and love may
it be;
Though oft its soft grass is bedew'd with
a tear,
No spot on the earth is so dear unto me.
Enough, my full heart, from this scene
let me go;
Behold where the sun-beams dance bright
through the leaves,
Perhaps his warm influence a balm may
bestow—
Alas! no, this prospect more painfully
grieves;
For there stands the cot where each bles-
sing I knew,
Its walls through the green waving foliage
I see;
Nor could fancy picture a more rural
view—
Oh view! how belov'd, and how mournful
to me.

O cot, where I've tasted of joy and of
woe!
As great as e'er falls to humanity's part!
My love in your walls did true happiness
know,
And there burst the sighs that at last rent
his heart.
Oh! thought full of anguish, for ever in
view,
With pain, thou lov'd dwelling, each
beauty I see,
But while this sad heart to its feelings
beats true,
Thou canst not be view'd with indiff'rence
by me.

The sun now declines to his western
retreat,
The grave tints of ev'ning steal over the
lawn;
O spirit, with whom this fond heart is
replete!
Dost thou e'er visit here, at the ev'ning
or dawn?—
Oh, heart-soothing thought! thou may'st
now round me hover,
And all my fond wishes be known unto
thee—

BELFAST MAG. NO. IX.

For sure, if permitted, my life thou'l
watch over!
O spirit benign! shed thy influence o'er
me.

Wrapt in thought, as I stray, dark
shades veil the sky,
How awful these gusts of the wind through
the trees!
Methinks now each branch for my loss
seems to sigh—
More soothing these blasts than the zephyr's soft breeze.
Ah! scenes dear to mem'ry! thou steals't
from my eyes,
Soon dark as the grave ev'ry prospect
shall be,
But morning, more glorious, to thee shall
arise:
Ah, can morn e'er euliven the wretched
like me!

April, 1805.

DELIA.

ON SPRING.

THE blackbird whistles joyful notes,
And from a thousand little throats,
What sweet, what varied music flows
On every gentle gale that blows!
Oh! this is rapture! this is Spring,
When all is young, and all is fair,
Who would not try with these to sing,
And cast away all grovelling care?
The dewy earth, gemm'd o'er with flowers,
The warbling birds, the thick'ning bowers,
The balmy air, the lengthening days
All serve delightful hopes to raise:
For now is hope, and now is joy,
No fear of winter shall annoy,
The present bliss, for every day,
We know, new beauties will display.
The branches now, just tipp'd with green,
All dress'd in leaves will soon be seen,
Now scatter'd birds most sweetly sing;—
Soon with full harmony shall ring,
The shady groves, and larks on high,
Will, as they chaunt, approach the sky.
'Tis thus in childhood's charming days,
The mother views the engaging ways,
Which, one by one, bud forth and blossom,
She clasps her darling to her bosom,
And present bliss, and hoped for joy,
Mix sweetly as she eyes her boy.

ELIZA.

LINES

To the Memory of the late John O'Neil, esq.
of Banvale.

No longer Banvale, mourn as fair a name,
As e'er to virtue laid an honest claim;
But thank thy God, that he so long did spare
A life so useful, and a friend so dear;
Where dignity and sweetness well combin'd,
To form and harmonize a perfect mind.
O O